

THE NEW WORLD,

WEEKLY JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MUSIC AND THE ARTS,

CONTAINING

THE NEWEST WORKS BY CELEBRATED AUTHORS, SERMONS BY EMINENT DIVINES,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED TALES AND POETRY, &c., &c.

"No post-up with contracts our powers,
The whole condensed continent is ours."

PARK BENJAMIN, EDITOR.

VOLUME SECOND.—JANUARY TO JULY, 1861.

(10-4)

7

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY J. WINCHESTER,
AT THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
OFFICE NO. 20 ANN STREET.

1861.

Original Drama.

GULZARA,*

THE PERSIAN SLAVE:
A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS.

DESIGNED FOR PRIVATE REPRESENTATION.

BY ANNA CORA NOWATT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMIRATA.....A begonia, one of the Sultan's slaves.
ZULMA.....Daughter of the Sultan.
FATIMA.....Sister of Zulma.
GULZARA.....A slave, purchased from the Sultan's harem.
GULZARA.....A slave, purchased from the Sultan's harem.

Scene, Constantinople.

ACT I.

SCENE I....The chamber of ZULMA in the Harem of the Sultan. ZULMA reclining on a couch, engaged in embroidery. FATIMA seated on a cushion at her feet, reading a book.

ZUL. (showing her work.) How think you it is shaped, this tinted flower?

FAT. It is so well, dear Fatima! It is so well, dear Fatima!

ZUL. Thou flatterer! how fain I'd let thee cheat mine eyes to think mine true! For 'tis to win the garden of my father's smile, these hues in brocade blend. Dear father! 'neath the veil that boasts that best reward—no pleasure there!

With labor, joy imparting, dash himself, With his own gift, enrich; (again showing her embroidery.) But is't well done?

FAT. In such most dear regard; but if 't were ill, Methinks that never fell the partial eye Of your most idolizing sire on sight. These fingers traced, when broke not rapidly His sympathizing lip to smile!

ZUL. Alas! When shall that eye of love once more meet mine? Three moons have wearied with their lustre, since The death-draught blast of war hath robbed your bowers Of its dear lord—Zulma's father!

Oh! how I long to hear that Bagdad owner Victorious Sultan her conqueror!

That Persian king before his footstep kneel, And homeward-bound these steps my father take!

Was't not for my young brother's promise, Your varying tales and loved companionship, How tedious, since the drum's first beat, had lagged Old Time's decrepit feet!

FAT. For services, merited In your past hero's hands, and laughing, Like flow'ers 'mid sun, daisy shaded wood, That wasted winter, pining for the sun, They might; but not for her, the arbiter Of good! who, scarce by thirteen springs matured, With mightier scepter o'er these hues, hath walked Than ever wandered earth's Sultan yet!

How! were Roxas's self, indeed, When Sultan 'tis and made peace, or war, Enslaved the free, or loosed the captive's chain, To please. Alas! Roxas's child for mere?

ZUL. Pr'ythee, have I not told thee, prattling girl, 'T is not the night my sire's indulgent love lowers me with, save when that power I use Rather in recompense than punishment?

Add to my aim of happiness one boon. And yet you deem me too ungrateful; Forget the Sultan, 'tis in his hands love O'ersteering reason's bulwark, now, hath left

FAT. In your past hero's hands, and laughing, Like flow'ers 'mid sun, daisy shaded wood, That wasted winter, pining for the sun, They might; but not for her, the arbiter Of good! who, scarce by thirteen springs matured, With mightier scepter o'er these hues, hath walked Than ever wandered earth's Sultan yet!

How! were Roxas's self, indeed, When Sultan 'tis and made peace, or war, Enslaved the free, or loosed the captive's chain, To please. Alas! Roxas's child for mere?

ZUL. Pr'ythee, have I not told thee, prattling girl, 'T is not the night my sire's indulgent love lowers me with, save when that power I use Rather in recompense than punishment?

Add to my aim of happiness one boon. And yet you deem me too ungrateful; Forget the Sultan, 'tis in his hands love O'ersteering reason's bulwark, now, hath left

FAT. In your past hero's hands, and laughing, Like flow'ers 'mid sun, daisy shaded wood, That wasted winter, pining for the sun, They might; but not for her, the arbiter Of good! who, scarce by thirteen springs matured, With mightier scepter o'er these hues, hath walked Than ever wandered earth's Sultan yet!

How! were Roxas's self, indeed, When Sultan 'tis and made peace, or war, Enslaved the free, or loosed the captive's chain, To please. Alas! Roxas's child for mere?

ZUL. Pr'ythee, have I not told thee, prattling girl, 'T is not the night my sire's indulgent love lowers me with, save when that power I use Rather in recompense than punishment?

Add to my aim of happiness one boon. And yet you deem me too ungrateful; Forget the Sultan, 'tis in his hands love O'ersteering reason's bulwark, now, hath left

FAT. In your past hero's hands, and laughing, Like flow'ers 'mid sun, daisy shaded wood, That wasted winter, pining for the sun, They might; but not for her, the arbiter Of good! who, scarce by thirteen springs matured, With mightier scepter o'er these hues, hath walked Than ever wandered earth's Sultan yet!

How! were Roxas's self, indeed, When Sultan 'tis and made peace, or war, Enslaved the free, or loosed the captive's chain, To please. Alas! Roxas's child for mere?

ZUL. Pr'ythee, have I not told thee, prattling girl, 'T is not the night my sire's indulgent love lowers me with, save when that power I use Rather in recompense than punishment?

Add to my aim of happiness one boon. And yet you deem me too ungrateful; Forget the Sultan, 'tis in his hands love O'ersteering reason's bulwark, now, hath left

FAT. In your past hero's hands, and laughing, Like flow'ers 'mid sun, daisy shaded wood, That wasted winter, pining for the sun, They might; but not for her, the arbiter Of good! who, scarce by thirteen springs matured, With mightier scepter o'er these hues, hath walked Than ever wandered earth's Sultan yet!

How! were Roxas's self, indeed, When Sultan 'tis and made peace, or war, Enslaved the free, or loosed the captive's chain, To please. Alas! Roxas's child for mere?

ZUL. Pr'ythee, have I not told thee, prattling girl, 'T is not the night my sire's indulgent love lowers me with, save when that power I use Rather in recompense than punishment?

Add to my aim of happiness one boon. And yet you deem me too ungrateful; Forget the Sultan, 'tis in his hands love O'ersteering reason's bulwark, now, hath left

The Kishar Aga (of our harem's guard) Sole chief, I earnestly appeal of my deeds, That ago's coldness temper youth's wild warmth. But waste we not today my father's gift; How shall we know it in the empty Of good?

FAT. We're not well used in commending Gulistan, the young Persian slave, the last And lowliest purchase of our honored lord, Whom young eye, a Noble of state, The speechless incarnation of despair, Was father brought, and whom our harem all Succorless strive to cheer!—be your's the task.

ZUL. Well said!—be such my occupation here, No tear shall fall within Zulma's realm, Zulma's hand shall not be dry to dry: To move one drop, that springs from guiltless weal, A diamond in my crown should grow dim!

(She steps for hands from Zulma—enter KATIRIA with shawl.)

Gulistan greet for me; say in our bowers We wait the pleasure of her company.

KAT. Salome! I have wings at your command! (Exit with shawl.)

ZUL. For friendly sympathy shall not lack, That bled itself, who smelt another's pang, And wounds itself to heal another's pang.

(Re-enter KATIRIA, who comes.) KAT. Obeying to your wish, Princess, she comes. (Enter GULZARA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

ZUL. Welcome, young stranger, in my father's name I bid you to his palace welcome—and May hospitably that wait your steps, And kindly friendship make in sister's door.

GUL. I was ungrateful not to give you thanks! ZUL. Nay, spare them; only fairly won, for still That eye with glowing sunshine half flows o'er; That brow is shadowed by a voiceless gleam. In yonder countenance heaven and you ought Expressing grief!

GUL. (sighing.) Oh! you—no! You—spare me, Fearless Sultan, spare your slave, would My unthought tongue less sweetly learnt to frame, (Despite a heart unswerving with such thoughts As may not break the barrier of my lips.) Each complaisant reply as to your rank is due.

ZUL. You wrong me most unwittingly; As the child's Hakim seeks the melody, Which, knowing not, he cannot hope to cure, Gulistan, I would hear uncalculated truth—What in the gay Zulma like you not?

GUL. It lacks to me the humble look, the dear Familiar aspect of my native air; Your braided tresses cannot bring me sleep, Your father's joy, or generous splendor part,—'T is not my home!

FAT. Yet each must hereafter be; What art of one's can render it less strange?

GUL. Have you the art these gilded walls to give The uncalculated truth of my father's lot, Where every object that I gaze upon Brings back the story of some childish hour?

To bid that father's holy name be forth—The phantoms that cheer our toil or sport—To wake for me my mother's gentle tone—Whose warbling makes the Sultan's music faint—And with gay children's laughter glad mine ear?

Take back your splendid incense—in lieu Of wealth and ease, those lowlier treasures, those Though labor be my lot, and weary food Toil's recompense. Were this done possible, Then might I call your palace-home!

ZUL. Such magic know I not—yet must we strive To make our lowly abode as strange as ours.

(Enter KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

FAT. Your instant wishes better bring! (Exit KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

ZUL. Have you the art these gilded walls to give The uncalculated truth of my father's lot, Where every object that I gaze upon Brings back the story of some childish hour?

To bid that father's holy name be forth—The phantoms that cheer our toil or sport—To wake for me my mother's gentle tone—Whose warbling makes the Sultan's music faint—And with gay children's laughter glad mine ear?

Take back your splendid incense—in lieu Of wealth and ease, those lowlier treasures, those Though labor be my lot, and weary food Toil's recompense. Were this done possible, Then might I call your palace-home!

ZUL. Such magic know I not—yet must we strive To make our lowly abode as strange as ours.

(Enter KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

FAT. Your instant wishes better bring! (Exit KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

ZUL. Have you the art these gilded walls to give The uncalculated truth of my father's lot, Where every object that I gaze upon Brings back the story of some childish hour?

To bid that father's holy name be forth—The phantoms that cheer our toil or sport—To wake for me my mother's gentle tone—Whose warbling makes the Sultan's music faint—And with gay children's laughter glad mine ear?

Take back your splendid incense—in lieu Of wealth and ease, those lowlier treasures, those Though labor be my lot, and weary food Toil's recompense. Were this done possible, Then might I call your palace-home!

ZUL. Such magic know I not—yet must we strive To make our lowly abode as strange as ours.

(Enter KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

FAT. Your instant wishes better bring! (Exit KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

ZUL. Have you the art these gilded walls to give The uncalculated truth of my father's lot, Where every object that I gaze upon Brings back the story of some childish hour?

To bid that father's holy name be forth—The phantoms that cheer our toil or sport—To wake for me my mother's gentle tone—Whose warbling makes the Sultan's music faint—And with gay children's laughter glad mine ear?

Take back your splendid incense—in lieu Of wealth and ease, those lowlier treasures, those Though labor be my lot, and weary food Toil's recompense. Were this done possible, Then might I call your palace-home!

ZUL. Such magic know I not—yet must we strive To make our lowly abode as strange as ours.

(Enter KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

FAT. Your instant wishes better bring! (Exit KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

ZUL. Have you the art these gilded walls to give The uncalculated truth of my father's lot, Where every object that I gaze upon Brings back the story of some childish hour?

To bid that father's holy name be forth—The phantoms that cheer our toil or sport—To wake for me my mother's gentle tone—Whose warbling makes the Sultan's music faint—And with gay children's laughter glad mine ear?

Take back your splendid incense—in lieu Of wealth and ease, those lowlier treasures, those Though labor be my lot, and weary food Toil's recompense. Were this done possible, Then might I call your palace-home!

ZUL. Such magic know I not—yet must we strive To make our lowly abode as strange as ours.

(Enter KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

FAT. Your instant wishes better bring! (Exit KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

ZUL. Have you the art these gilded walls to give The uncalculated truth of my father's lot, Where every object that I gaze upon Brings back the story of some childish hour?

To bid that father's holy name be forth—The phantoms that cheer our toil or sport—To wake for me my mother's gentle tone—Whose warbling makes the Sultan's music faint—And with gay children's laughter glad mine ear?

Take back your splendid incense—in lieu Of wealth and ease, those lowlier treasures, those Though labor be my lot, and weary food Toil's recompense. Were this done possible, Then might I call your palace-home!

ZUL. Such magic know I not—yet must we strive To make our lowly abode as strange as ours.

(Enter KATIRIA, who hands to ZULMA, and exit KATIRIA.)

Affection, rather in the welcome light!
Would that we ever thus, on thy fair banks,
Beloved Tigris, breast had lived! For, spite
More barbarous usage, my fond father vowed
His offspring untran-plant'd should attend
Him himm, stranger's able to do very
And shame. Vain was his oath—the evil eye
Fell on us—how or where the Sultan saw,
Or wherewith fixed on me, I wonder still.
His stately visit to my father sent;
A noble price was offered—all in vain.
I wept and prayed—my mother mourn'd and sobb'd;
My father's heart was bowed in silent woe;
Resistance was to war with thunderbolts.
Or with unkindled furies, and their brand;
They took away my humble pale, they deck'd
Me in this gaudy garb: amid her tears,
Fondly my mother smil'd to see me thus
Array'd—but my poor father shook his head,
And wistful scan'd my simple dress and sigh'd;
While from his parched and burning lip, the tear,
Whose gushing eases, arise-pain, found no way.
Then came the dreadful hour—the parting hour!
Oh! 't is a fable all, that hearts can break;
Else were this breast that fearful instant riven!
How fast with feeble hands they clung—how call'd
Upon Githara to forsake them not,
My infant sister!—and my father bade
Me leave and shew my mother, with
With woe, with streaming eyes, on bended knee,
Implored the transient respite of an hour!
Rudely they tore me from her turning arms,
By force unclasped—and oh! I see her now,
As, from the rich embroidered draperies
Of that gay arab, I looked my last,
And saw her, slow-like, stand, with arms wide stretch'd,
White lips—eyes from their sockets starting out;
And, when the shout of distance, like death's pall,
Had veiled me from her sight—the shriek that burst—
My mother's shriek! 't was now it rang, to mad
Mine ear—and shate out every meaning sound
Of comfort, which but waste the breath it spends!

ZUL. No more, I pray! thy words are spells that raise
A phœnix from the so long hushed and dead;
And ruthless memory haunts me with a grief
Overwhelming thine—oh, lose, my mother!—
On her, first-loved and first loved long,
Have gazed when she gave back and answering glance!
We will not think of this—once more I say
You know not the dear parent still mine own.

GUL. Would that I never had known—thine cruelty—
ZUL. (interrupting her with dignity.) Ah is my father!
pass—let that restrain
Your blind reproach.

GUL. He is, and to have been
Thy father, should have been earth's noblest, best,
By every high and lovely virtue grand,
Which sits on you as 't were an heritage,
But were he such, or greater, (could there be
More great,) my rev'rence, of my gratitude
He might command—but never waken fear.

ZUL. There 's cause for this! I see it now; you love
Some other 't is not so!

GUL. (aside.) What have I said!

ZUL. Blushes, they say, tell crimson-tinted cheeks,
Frolicom the God they love—divined I right!

GUL. I pray you bid me not reply.

ZUL. I must,
Not prompted by no whim or light caprice.
Speak, then, and freely, maiden; I attend.

GUL. (aside.) Thus talking tongue! how shall I tutor thee
Alone to utter what this speaking heart
Is whispering to conceal! why, 't is no shame!
Zuleika, yes; there was—there is—use more—
Then bears the name of kindred—whom—

ZUL. Then let's!

To hear the tale be ours; thus loveliest, and whom I
GUL. Whom? 't is the question I will ask myself.
By chance—such evening chance, of purpose sure,
As Destiny where we met—One revealal,
Where farther from our cot than prudence urged
Or was my want, I wandered—sudden from
Th' adjacent wood a fierce young Arab rushed.
Such a rush, group, with terror prompt
A hazzam rescued me; I loosed me why
So often turned my thoughts that night to him
Promising arm and soothing voice;
Ere, when the memory of my fear arose,
Fervently a joy broke in that cloud's gloom,
As, brightly pictured in my dream, that face,
Like guardian minis, watch'd over me still. Next morn,
While herbs and flowers on neighboring hills I sought,
My thoughts were raving, where, I scarcely knew,
When lo!—I raised mine eyes—their object stood
Before me. Ask me not—they were sacrilege
To paint the mystic weavings of the chain,
To breathe how love more closely knit our hearts.
I say only they parted on, and still he came;
No joyful day passed on, and still he came;
And, when the setting sun, the west we came part.
He was not young, but in that mellow prime
That lack of rufous more, more tender—
Mingling with all you 'd fire; yet would I not
Have changed the glowing snow upon his brow
For moonhood's prismatic lock; and all that might
Have others' mirrored, were but new charms in him.
'T was while thus sped the pleasure-baden hours,
The Sultan's mandate came; in dizzy haste,
I sought our old accustomed trysting place,
But Haid came not—hours were on, but brought
Not him; the morrow rose—he tarried still;
Another sun went sadder on for ever;
Again I seek despairing forth to look
Upon that spot far, where, in trysting leaves
Shed and chasing back the vernal wind they had heard;
Hopeless upon the cart, I flung myself,
But started up as round a gentle arm
Around me—H—'t was, 't was H—'t was self!
The poet seemed but a fearful vision!
The joyful truth—the future's memory—
And intense fond, and present grief, absorbed

In that sweet woman's transport? but, ah! not
 Crush, when kindness must could cheer! for looks
 All warmth and words all love, reproaches met
 My startled ear, reproaches for my joy!
 The Sultan's splendor dazzled me, he said;
 I willing went to grace my gilded cage;
 He was forgot! The flash of joy, the last
 This heart can ever give forth, was quenched at once.
 As loud lightning leaves the sky more dark,
 My mother's from its momentary bliss
 More deeply sad; and thus soon to my tears
 Gave ear, banished transforming frowns, and smothered
 Me with bright promises that we should meet,
 Should bright meet again—bade me believe;
 & sure that I still shall see his bride, and left
 Me suddenly, confound by words as strange,
 Was filled with hope. Recital how? thus—then!
 A false mirage to cheat my thirsting soul.
 The morning came, but Hafeez—blessed? where?
 Was he? And where his suite? My tale is done,
 Or needs no finishing—behold me here!

ZUL. Would that I were longer, but less sad, and yet
 What a sadler, oh, must chase the happy care.
 How strangely new, how chaffing must have been
 The passions that ingulfed in what I bring!
 Reared in these walls, with eyes that never gazed
 On face of man, except my wife's, yet have
 The books that his intelligence granted me,
 Mistrust to well the scenery of hate, and— [changed.]
 They linked his death, lived on through life as
 I almost wept that I had never known
 To love!

GUL. Ask not the fatal knowledge! Love?
 The bright-angled serpent, baring but to sting:
 Who see each fancied rapture he imparts
 Featous th' alloy of agonies too real.
 Oh! rather pay thy latest mat no-never wake
 To deeper frenzy—you are happy? Not
 The wild felicity with passion wed—
 Its horrors, a's a's a's most fortunate,
 Of anger, fear, of jealousy, revenge!
 The morals, all innocence and rage, that mix
 With its delicious bliss—but calm consent
 Of innocence is power! It were to bid
 The placid stream, that smoothly flows your bark,
 Swell into danger-crested billows, with
 The onset in combat, but to such change.

[Exit ZUL and GUL behind the scenes.]
 AMO. [from behind.] Stand back, ye slaves slaves! not
 be disturbed?
 When did my sister with disordered chain
 Her AMURATH? stand back, and let me pass.
 [Enter AMURATH, who springs into the arms of ZULIANA.]
 Good-morn! sweet sister mine: these early slaves
 Would fain have had thy caresses—say, I vex
 You not?

GUL. [who appears moved with the happy scene.] That voice!
 [referring to his entrance.] Not could my AMURATH
 [to ZUL.] Surely that face is not mine eye before,
 Those smiles and eyes a Vis-à-vis faded dream,
 That leaves a shadow misty, unobscured,
 For memory to prey upon—that brow—
 Those speaking eyes—'twere dead—and yet not so!

AMO. Sister, it strikes me much! our dear sister
 Still carries from her home:—now his return
 Must gladden us soon, will it not?

ZUL. We can but hope.
 GUL. [half aside.] For my despair!
 AMO. Is this that Persian slave
 Tis whispered in the harem bays our sire
 Such loathing had? now, by his beard, if 't be
 We shall not (as they anger) vainly woo
 Her love; for, were 't in country alone,
 She can but yield that fabled payment, due
 The debt of war.

GUL. Young country, thanks! that not
 To love, unless with salamantine gaze!
 My heart were barred, I scarce could dare to hope.

FAT. [who has gradually approached.] Then let's not that
 which must destroy thy hopes.

GUL. [dropping the hand of AMURATH.] Ah! now!
 FAT. In loving him who bends
 The hope, embathed in every breath that swells
 its welkin pulses 'neath the harem's dome,
 Sultan of that entire world to reign;
 For Sultan Sulaiman built off a sworn,
 While pondering boy, but of Kozleban's child,
 His scepter's heir and sole successor bore.
 He never bade 'twixt all his harem flowers
 Would choose, that so new on legitimate
 Might pluck the crescent from his favored brow,
 Or, struggling for the envied diadem,
 Discontent in the practical harem wake.

GUL. Oh! were but that the only barrier
 To my desires! no, credit me, what bars
 May block the pathway to my hopes, the boy
 Shall never be one.

FAT. [aside.] Shall not? 'T is passing strange—
 Look then her eagle eyes upon the son!

Enter KATINKA.
 KAT. Princess! I bring, wife of Moustapha,
 Our noble Sultan's favorite's brother,
 Begs that the issue of your condescension,
 On her, and on her lowly offspring fall.

ZUL. Aysha here again? 'T is not three days
 Since of some precious trifle last she begged
 Our planned acceptance. I remember not
 Thus to my father on so joyful the news.
 These continuities! this imbed in love
 Unthought-of—yet entrance to the faithful gate!

[Enter KATINKA, who returns with AYSHA, bearing a basket of shells, beautifully adorned with gems; she hands to ZULIANA, who takes them. KATINKA places herself, folding her arms upon her breast.]
 AY. Daughter of Persia! hushly at your feet
 This lover's offering of the beauteous ware,
 Though poor at such an altar, I present,
 And pray your favor's eternal evidence,
 By its recipient, to your slave be shown.

ZUL. [turning on the recipient the basket.] You are not chary
 of your treasure—now

Shall we, by your example tutored, stint
 Our joy beyond?

[After examining the skulls with ASTRUTH, the latter passes
 them to NATANA, who remains holding the basket.]

AVE. [Irving and waiting on distribution of skulls.]
 [Aside.] Ah! did the but divine
 What just reward I asked? The boy is there;
 Again shall disappointment balk my hopes?
 Still shall I seek, and seek in vain? No—though
 The search were lengthened to eternity,
 Alone my life in yielding, I relinquish this,
 Than sweet part-st of worn Revenge!

GUL. [To GULIANA, coming forward.] This morn
 The perfumed wind came through my lattice—
 Was warm, freshening blossoms of the time
 Was laden, and I looked upon a garden
 Where rainbow-groined hedges close in the sun,
 And songsters, clad in hazy garb, poured forth
 Their merrily music; while murmuring birds,
 That vocal with their plaintive music made
 The wind, seemed whispering of my father's house.
 Your kind permission, Princess, let me beg
 To unattended wander in these woods;
 Where is a balm in Solitude and Nature,
 Whose boasted virtue I would willing test.

ZYL. [Her pleasure bound we not so easily.
 As inclining their steps, by rushing.
 From your pure shore, in captive holding you.]

GULIANA stands in embarrassed mood, and is preparing to do

AMU. Dear sister, give part leave; [Taking GULIANA's
 Hand.] I will with you. [A look-
 ing-
 GUL. Come, then; there's something in that soft tone—
 Which I—may, this is another—pleasure—! I
 Not think upon't. Let us together forth.

[Exit GULIANA, leading ASTRUTH.]

AVE. [aside.] Alas is great! Unloved, unloved for yet
 The pure with her, and she alone At last
 Vengeance indeed is mine. I know 't would come;
 I have not wait'd—not waiting watch'd—
 For chance to buffet me—Revenge! ha! ha!
 [Exit on the opposite side.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. A grove adjacent to the gardens of the palace—
 a fountain in the midst. Enter GULIANA and ASTRUTH
 prom-
 nading.

AMU. Why look you still so sad? While through my veins
 This soft and vivifying breath of spring
 Impels the sportive blood in glee-dance dancing;
 And buoy's my spirits up, fill most they are
 To mock at your's—wherefore are still weighed down
 By heaviness—can some oppressive thought I
 GUL. Your spring of life, most favored ASTRUTH,
 Hath brought the happier spring of happiness;
 Mine, of the verdure of content hath robbed
 My soul, and left the winter's barren frost
 And chilling gloom within my heart.

[ASTRUTH stands in and gazes at herself behind the fountain.]

AMU. I would
 I were magician now, that I might see
 Mine art in you two smile. I'd part with some
 Dear pleasure of mine own to give it thee.

AVE. [aside.] Spendthrift! cherubs more clearly thy
 Who says thou'rt not bankrupt soon?

GUL. So generous of my poor possessions, would
 Not leave to thy blithesome heart its treasure
 The sole exchange I have, my hard-earned hoard
 Of grief.

AMU. And if thou would'st, I woe—can in it
 They'd weep so heavily, as does this clank
 To-day, that mute oppressor me, and clogs
 My feet, and checks my pining breath, than e'er
 Did saddest yet.

GUL. Let me relieve thee of 't
 Unburthen'd be that shoulder long 't looms
 That it must bear will gather but too soon

AVE. [aside.] Heed her will, buy; there speaks
 Prophet's voice!

GUL. Were I of the three storied Elys but one,
 Should you ever calm and cheerful situate
 The vision of thy glorious dream be?

AVE. [aside.] Were such three others should't thou not
 With me as now; for I the darkness that
 Would wear, and to thy sunny sky bring cloud
 Else were the blackness of mine own unpaid.
 I would that she were hence! how swift they do
 These precious moments. They must leave me
 What would I do? I tremble at myself.
 Tremble! If there be trembling it must be
 The Sultan Sultan that trembles; and
 At me? Look now to the lost young Prince; I'll be
 Thereon sit.

[Runs out, and in a figured robe comes suddenly to him.]

AVE. GULIANA, here! GULIANA, here

You not?

GUL. Who call?

AVE. [From behind.] GULIANA, instant to the palace hall—
 Zuleika summons, and impatient waits.

GUL. Adieu, dear ASTRUTH. I must away;
 One kiss. Adieu. [Exit hastily.]

AMU. Stay, stay! I follow thee.

[As he is following, ASTRUTH runs in from the side and
 nears him.]

AVE. You follow me? Mine, mine at last! ha! ha!
 ZYL. Woman! what mean you by this frantic yet?
 Let loose your hold!

AVE. You must with me!
 AMU. With you!
 And therefore! Know you who I am? Woman!
 It is the Sultan's own you dare profane
 By such rude grasp.

AVE. "The Sultan's own?" I take
 Upon the ground—the Sultan's own is mine!
 These words have served my hand with double strength.

AMU. You are away—let loose my arm—be gone!

AVE. Yes, I am quickly gone, and then with me.
 I have no time for sad detail, to make

The music seem pleasant round the tangled braid.
I am no magpie, elected of my prey
Discouraging of its worth. We tarry not.

[*Answering to drag him out.*]

AMU. Methallah! she is mad! What shall I do?

That people the pure air, protect me now!

[*Enter Z.*] Forget you, then, this dimly sheltered grove

Close to the palace of my father's deeds!

We slaves, surrounding every portal, wait

Like fire of mine, like lightning to transform

The victim and the victor—now to return—

To punishment eternal. Must I now leave?

I warn you, however, ere 't is too late, your hold!

AYE. Do, then, your worst, and yet it gaped delight

Hadst thou for slandering misery. Come on.

AMU. [*Struggling.*] Grief! Human! help! Zuleika! meet!

Altho, they came not! Human! help! oh, help!

AYE. There is no help. For months I have prepared

This hour—happened to see it come, far more

Than supposed tortures long for gleams of hand.

I am no mad—my grief hath scorched my brain—

And if it has, why, then, all reason's light.

For thou art the revenge will soothe my grief!

And thou art mine. The sentinel that guards

You secret pathway to the shore, upon

Whose rugged brow stands our cabin, is

My brother. The vile slaves you call to aid,

In wild night draughts and dances that I brought,

Are in the palace revelling. Believe it!

Thou, now! I trust not—we must leave.

AMU. What would you with me? I have harmed you not.

AYE. Is that of whom you are a part; and you

Are but the vulnerable avenger

That guides my sure aim—how to him!

AMU. My father!

You do him wrong; his name has been

Another name for goodness—pure has been! [*Answering.*]

You turn unjustly away—you'd drag

Me hence—what, to imbrue those women hands

In blood? To snatch a life but just begun,

And make your own far worse than thousands times

Expiring, racked by torturing remorse!

I wrong you with the thought. You will not do it!

Have pity—I'll be secret—they'll not know

What deed I now beneath you to forego.

You yield—you will I do; and I am free!

[*As he is starting up to go out she detains him.*]

AYE. What mine own unhappy son that word,

Your lips shall to the sound be used; but not

Till then.

AMU. You do not mean these measures!

You'd fright me with a threat! You shall have all

You wish, and for all wishes granted, give,

Give but my ravished liberty. Sweet sister!

Sister! you cannot hear my voice! and you

Will call upon me when my ear is deaf.

Pity! [*Agitated.*] In pity to Zuleika hear me!

Oh! she will do with me. You could not look

On those sweet eyes gleamed o'er in lightning—

Those lips but late did speak so gently, even

To you—their roses purpling, lived grown

At touch of death, that stain their lips for aye!

And the cause? [*Impassively.*] Leave me to—

Yes, I must to my sister—Hassan! [*Shrill.*]

AYE. Your cries, that harmless pierce the mocking air,

Taint with their echoing—powerless as some

Poor bird that 'gainst its wry prison brain

A mangled head. Your struggles can no more

Unleash the iron bars of callousness

That burrize my heart. Your prayers are wind,

Your tears all drops on marble falling—cease,

We linger long; you must away.

[*Struggling to drag him out.*]

AMU. Not yet.

No help! Mercy! mercy! Zuleika! Oh,

My sister, hear your Amrath! Zuleika.

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Chamber of ZULEIKA. ZULEIKA

in a ravine attitude upon her couch; her head buried in

her hands as though in grief.—FATIMA bending over her.

FAT. Be comforted, dear Zuleika, give

Not way to such absorbing grief, he will

Be found—he will—he must.

ZUL. [*Shaking up.*] Oh! that your words

Were prophecies, and entered in my soul

Like holy breathings of an oracle!

How shall I meet my father's angry sorrow?

How live to give him with I have no brother!

Will he not speak with that tongue which strikes

His own with horror dumb? [*Permeated by such*

Idlings, will he not break his heart,

And then be on some eddies thing? And thou,

Poor Amrath! thou dost not now, or art

Beyond the pale of earthly anguish; shall

I never see those frolic-bouncing eyes,

Those earth-embellished lips—till years more

fly on rude gale profound—the noble brow,

So like thy sister's? Impossible! there is

To sudden loss one nothing left; for shocked

Reality shrinks from her back to pain

How named are the shades of woe; reserves,

Until we grow accustomed to the pang.

The slow withdrawal of her fearful veil.

I scarce can think this bolt, though 't crush me, real.

Though 't rankle, scarce believe my wound: last night

I heard his merry voice, and thought I felt

The loving pressure of his tiny hand.

And waking—to dream I would never see the grasp mine!

Oh! what an age of torment hath been compassed

In the short breathing space since yester morn!

When last he bonnyed joyous from my sight!

FAT. Temerity, indeed, that asks short space to see

His face; no dishevelled hair; one hour

Of converse were that might embitter years;

But ere he conquer you, for combat arm

Strong Hope to vanquish him? And we come close,

However small, to trace his steps—

ZUL. Think you beneath affliction's process?

Have bowed me calmly down, and struggle not

Its weight to lighten? Orders for strict watch

Are given; their speedy forwardness myself

Have aided; and one caution is forgot.

But 't is when that, which in the body's veil,

Holds the mind captive to its torturing, is done

That we revert with double consciousness

Back to our most agonizing misery!

[*Enter KATHERA, with lady's room, carrying a clock.*]

KAT. [*Surprised.*] I come, Saloma, from Glad, who—

ZUL. [*Starting up.*] My brother! quick—what news! Al-

lah be praised!

He is not found! You know not where he is?

KAT. A venom'd arrow gave your sorrowing slave,

Whom lips, unblest, must chase that crowding hope.

We have but found this clock, which you well know,

And—in the chamber of the Persian slave?

ZUL. Gahara! Heaven!

[*She drops the clock which she has taken from KATHERA.*]

KAT. Tell me—and with her.

How wandering in your favorite grove, the Prince

Was last beheld about the hour of noon;

The slaves describe her resting, in the body's veil,

Along the corridor, beyond the door

To their lord's apartment—

ZUL. She came to me,

Priming I supposed, and with troubled mien

Requested then permission to withdraw.

KAT. This clock gives strong suspicion of her guilt:

The Kater Aga's orders have been given

That she be seized—

ZUL. Gahara guilty? seized?

It cannot be! were ever crime so fair

A mask? Is it beyond belief? And what

Could be her aim?

FAT. Princes, recall you not,

When headlong I and young Amrath,

To all sporting hours, which I wished for goal

Was Hassan's Gahara to become,

Stood barrier, her haughty answer was

He never should be barrier to her's!

ZUL. But her strange tale—her wretchedness—her love

For the unknown, engendering evil thought!

FAT. Even I, as himself, deem such a fearful foe:

When high ambition meets him in the field:

And who shall ever couch her story true?

For who were capable of this dread deed,

Were of all feigning and all artifice!

ZUL. Must I believe that horror? was I so

Deceived? Oh! that conviction struck me not!

When shall I know truth true? or when the sun

Look bright, shall I not picture them transformed

To burning brands to scorch the admiring world?

[*REVEREND enters, and strikes heavily at the feet of ZULEIKA.*]

ZUL. Prince! Zuleika! never—protect the slave!

The passive words out-cried me to fly

To thee—what would they wish me? whether would

They force me? what—what have I done!

ZUL. A deed

So dark my tongue reveals to give it breath,

And horror-struck credulity would glad

Refuse to believe!

ZUL. Oh! then believe 't not thou!

ZUL. Would that I still could say, I did not do it!

Those breaths from thee! inspiration born

Of those bright pictures of fraternal link

A Hour's face and earnest form. Oh! like

The balmy 't' emotion, which unheeded

In sweet buds to the sun, to poison even

The fragrant blossoms that promise to grow.

They seem but thus thrown around her when

They seem moved to medicine her life.

ZUL. Of what are you accused?

FAT. [*Answering.*] These players well

The role of innocence, but we will aid

Thy memory, Gahara, to recall

Who prate morning in the time given strayed

Alike with my lost brother!

ZUL. [*Startled.*] Amrath!

ZUL. [*Shaking up.*] He is struck. Alas! it is too true.

[*As he.*] Who left that voice—for ever calm sweet—

Without the boy, and hurried thence, and I sign'd

I remembered, striving by pretended haste

Her guilty agitation to conceal.

From questioning days—permission to retire

Then playing, in her chamber barred, shut out

The kindly thing who'd cheer her solitude.

From that fell hour one image, glowing all

Our eyes, has met those longing gaze so true—

But, mark me: in thy chamber, all compaired.

This girl-discarding clock; its mantling folds

Had shrunk from round the crime-stained form of her

Who but behold its wearer. Have you heard?

You stand accused of—

ZUL. No, while Zuleika is speaking, her words and

Indignantly from her lips—murder! Just Allah!

ZUL. [*Shaking up.*] Gahara overpowered her!

ZUL. Oh, why came you then

With such a having eyes upon me? 't is

't is false! You said you do not credit this;

My lips but breathe me to think you did;

't is but some time-lagging sport; yes, the

Same mockery.

ZUL. The mockery is in you.

That would make out presence by this show

Of feeling—springing inward incoherence.

Where is my brother? Answer to this!

If conscience have less power, and then to me?

ZUL. [*As he.*] During which he seems to be agitated

By—

When men's weaknesses have been chased vicious joys!

Desired I that misery, which was but grief,

Undarkened by darkness's withering touch—

—The Curse of an unseen force of great beauty, is so deadly in

its nature that it is the very end of great beauty.

Unfaded with this most foul, polluting stain!

Murder! I dream; some nightmare of my brain

Phantoms are; I sleep not!—I will not!

Murder! Thou shalt it not! Oh! couldst thou think

Thou hadst, which were indeed prevalence to tell,

But taught to be more used to death of good,

Couldst thou their sins on the foolish air?

Then, upon which men and we have bent their gaze

On Allah's throne, nor drunk from that dread cup,

Which through our consciousness scans the inner soul,

Could mark the writhing of the agonized frame,

The quiver of the blackening lip, before

The unwilling breath, struggling half-kept to hold

In breathless agonement, depart? Then, ere,

So want to listen to sweet concurrences

Of good from parent lips, could he be unmoved

The cry, the clanking prayer, the shuddering gaze?

The heart, where, if the favored care avail

Of youthful gardens, husbandry of love—

Were virtue, piety, truth—the first fair trees;

'T is you could yield forth such a poisoned cup

As to consume this dark, unwholesome deed!

You wrong not me, so much as wrong, who

Could be so cruel to such a sister!

ZUL. [*Shaking up.*] Can this be true? My heart convinced

Would waver, every word. I'll try her further.

Perchance she will, Gahara, and console—

Know you the danger for its silent wait?

ZUL. The danger! Is it the gleam of Eden came?

The hours of truce, a huntsman, as he stward,
On the green borders of the Tigris viewed
A maiden writhing in a slinger's grasp;
And motioning back his train did rescue her;
You that have seen Gulnara wander not
They met again. He vowed that she should be
His bride—but tested first her faith to know
If rather she would live the favored slave
Of Suliman, or wife of her unknown.
She passed the ordeal, 't was him self, not state,
Which she I think yet dreams not of, she loved—
And shall be as he swears her husband's bride!"

GUL. Hated! *[Faints—she supports her.]*

AMU. Oh! sister, with this sudden joy

Thou'lt be killed her—no—

ZUL. Summon the palace Harem with all speed.

KAT. The needful noble Princess, she revives.

FAT. Then give her air, she lacks but breath, new life

This happy news already has bestowed.

AND She open her eyes, Gulnara, speak to us!

GUL. That voice again! Where is he? Hated! art

Thou there? let me but look upon thee ere

I die.

AMU. 'T is Amurath, your Hafid's son,

Of Suliman's, that looks on for his sake

To live!

GUL. Was it no vision then? is he?

AND Amurath thou art—is Hafid then—

ZUL. The Sultan Suliman!

AMU. Our father.

GUL. I am—

ZUL. His bride!

FAT. and KAT. *[embracing her.]* Our new Sultana hail!

GUL. Now, may I share your transports, never more

At fate's harsh seeming scourge, for her wheel

Revolving ever, hurle us to its base

To hurry to the summit with more speed.

ZUL. And with this latter evolution bears

Java's pinnacle a gently throng to-night,

What have I left to wish? my brother back—

[Embracing him.]

AMU. Freed by himself: sweet sister when you tell

Our father my mischance, forget not that!

FAT. and KAT. Your joy is ours!

AMU. My lov'd boy once more mine!

GUL. And Hafid, Suliman—hail happy end!

No more Z-deika's brow with frowns shall bend,

Aysha herefrom from the world could fend,

Or so of Amurath but long sleep e'er

To pitying orbs that smiling greet his weal;

Or Fatima's bright eyes, and mortal care,

Content which most your pleasure could engage;

Or mild Katinka, though her station low,

Still hope to share the paces you bestow.

Our mimic passions o'er, *[to the actors.]* each lip that

grieved

In fabled sorrow, be with smiles enwreathed.

Thou lips now welcome mirth with keener zest

Not mourn their we *[to the audience.]* if echoed in

your breast.

If, exultant still, by our emotions led,

You now will share our gladness in glad's stead,

And grant the boon Katinka yet must crave

Your pleased approval of—

OWEN. The Persian Slave!

THE END